

It's gonna be a Late Night, baby

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77358541) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77358541>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Secret Relationship , Impulse Control , Glasses , Situationships , Idiots in Love , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , The Author Regrets Nothing , The Author Regrets Everything
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-09 Words: 1,902 Chapters: 1/1

It's gonna be a Late Night, baby

by [Ofsoundmind52843](#)

Summary

Shane gets invited on the night time version of Good Morning America. Ilya makes some impulsive decisions. It all works out in the end.

obviously, if you recognize it, I don't own it. Someone on Tiktok posted the outline and then my brain wandered off

Notes

This happens at some nebulous time between the beginning and end of HR. Feelings are starting to be acknowledged.

Also, if this makes no sense, feel free to ignore it. Its the first thing I've written in almost a year. 

Ilya sighed as his phone chirped again. Probably Marlow asking him if he wanted to hit the club. Again. He'd already told him he wasn't interested, much to Marlow's disappointment. They had a rare two day break, and coach had been uncharacteristically kind, letting them go with nothing more than a morning practice and optional skate the next day.

The players with families had been out the door before the stationary bike wheels had stopped spinning, taking advantage of the extra time with their families. The single men had discussed meeting at a local bar they liked to frequent, but Ilya hadn't wanted to join, not wanting to come home drunk to an empty house.

Instead, he was home, alone, hoping to hear from his- well, his Shane.

Jane: You should watch The Late Show.

Ilya: Why? Is less interesting than The New Yorker.

Jane: I think you'll enjoy the guest star.

Ilya: Maybe.

Jane: You never know. Sometimes you enjoy boring.

Ilya smirked at the response, picturing the crooked little smile that was probably perched on Shane's lips.

Ilya: If it is that important, I will watch. Because I can occasionally appreciate boring. Occassionally.

Jane: You're such an asshole.

Ilya: You love it.

Jane: Maybe.

Ilya barked a laugh. Touche, Hollander.

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Ilya settled back against the cushions of his couch, a warm blanket draped over his lap. He put on the channel that Shane suggested he watch, and sent a text.

Ilya: Show is on.

Shane didn't respond, but Ilya didn't think too much of it, knowing the show was live. Ilya scrolled through his feeds while the host droned through a very dull monolog.

Ilya: This is not exciting. You told me worth watching.

Switching back to Instagram, he was barely listening to the show anymore, until a name caught his ear.

"And one of the hottest players on the ice, getting ready to battle our very own admirals for the eastern division championship, Montreal's darling, Shane Hollander."

Applause intermingled with an occasional gentle boo erupted and Ilya watched as Shane stepped through the navy curtains, smiling and waving to the audience. This was worth watching. Not boring at all. Ilya swallowed hard, taking in the outfit he was wearing. Monochrome suit, black shirt, and chain detail, a piece at his throat, swinging gently with the movement of his body, another piece at his hip, and more at his ankles, wrapping around the boots he wore. Ilya swallowed, throat clicking as he saw Shane's glasses clipped to his breast pocket. Those fucking glasses. And he was wearing an earring, something sparkly that flashed in the bright stage lights.

How had Ilya missed that Shane had pierced ears? Had he missed it? Or was it new? It had been several months since they were last able to see each other in person, and maybe it was new? Either way, Ilya wanted to bite it, wanted to feel the shape of it in his mouth. Wanted to fuck him in the glasses and the earring and nothing else, Shane's body drawn back against his chest as he fucked into him, sucking kissed into his shoulder before he cupped his chin and pressed a kiss to his lush mouth. Yes, he wanted that.

He watched Shane cross the stage and settle into the chair beside the host, taking a sip from a can set in front of him. Ilya watched until the camera cut away for a commercial, thumbs flying as he checked flight times. There, a flight was leaving Boston in 45 minutes, arriving in New York in 90 minutes. He knew from experience that a taping could last several hours. If he left now, they could at least have the evening, maybe even the morning depending on when Shane had to be at the game. Ilya booked the flight and ordered a car, finding the stream of the show on his phone, watching as he threw a few things into a backpack and slipping his shoes on as his phone chirped to let him know his ride had arrived.

He offered the driver an extra 200 dollars if he could get him to the airport in 15 minutes. The driver made it in 13 and Ilya gave him an extra hundred. He breezed through security, airport staff familiar with the Bears star, and Ilya appreciated his fame again, slipping his shoes back in and accepting the marker to sign the agent's lanyard. The flight was small, and less than an hour after he saw Shane's gorgeous face on his television, he was in the air and cruising toward him at several hundred miles an hour.

The wifi on the plane was decent, and no one looked at Ilya twice as he watched Shane interact with the other guest hosts. The audience was laughing as Shane tried to lead the host and other guests through a modified pregame stretch. One of the women made a quip about hockey player hips and Shane blushed, clearing his throat as the audience laughed. Ilya pressed the tip of his thumb against his false tooth as he grinned. He was a little awkward, a little too earnest, but Ilya could feel his smile soften as he watched Shane shine, talking about hockey. Above him, a chime sounded and the seatbelt sign lit up. The pilot's voice announced their decent was approaching and Ilya nodded to himself. Nearly there now.

The New York airport was as calm as it ever got, crowds minimal and lights lowered just a bit. Ilya walked through the terminal toward the car rental kiosk, tapping through the screens

and choosing a simple black SUV. What was that brand Shane preferred? "Good in the snow" he'd said. Ah, yes. Tapping the request in, he paid and one of the compartments popped open, revealing the key. It was a quick walk to the shuttle stop, then a short drive to the lot, and after less than 30 minutes of being in New York, Ilya was pulling up directions to the studio where The Late Show filmed.

He swore when he pulled up and saw the security gate. He had no valid reason to be there, and he didn't think Shane would appreciate it if he told the guard he was there to pick up the man he lo- the man he fucked. He pulled up to the gate and rolled his window down, ready to lie his ass off. He'd only gotten the first half of his opening out when the guard glanced up and then did a double take.

"You here for the shoot?"

Ilya blinked but nodded slowly.

"You're late. Models were supposed to arrive an hour ago."

"Sorry. Traffic."

The guard grunted and hit a button, the bar in front of Ilya's car raising slowly. Ilya looked back at the guard who was already back to watching the small screen in front of him.

Ilya shrugged to himself and pulled forward. Parking as close to the main doors as he could, he grabbed his phone and opened his texts.

Jane: It wasn't that bad, was it?

Jane: Hello?

Jane: Was it bad?

Ilya swore, looking at the time sent. During the decent, when he'd had to put his phone on airplane mode. The second 15 minutes later, while he'd deplaned. Then the last one. The one he could feel the anxiety radiating off of. Three minutes ago. Long enough for Shane to spin himself up if he wasn't careful. Ilya typed quickly.

Ilya: Not boring. Fascinating.

He could practically feel Shane's relief through the phone.

Jane: Thank God. I felt so stupid out there. I was so awkward. And did you see my face when Ronica asked about my hips?

Ilya: Not awkward. Ernest. Is my favorite thing about you. Well, one of them. Also fond of those hips.

Jane: Pervert.

Jane: I wish you were here.

Jane: It's a lot, you know?

Ilya: I know. You looked very pretty. I especially enjoyed the glasses.

Jane: I lost a contact at the hotel, and I couldn't find my backup pair in my toiletry bag.

Ilya grimaced, realizing that was probably his fault. He'd knocked the bag off his bathroom counter last time he and Shane had played each other. They were likely still under his vanity back in Boston. Oops. He stared at the flashing icon, not sure how to answer that. Did he apologize? Play dumb? The bubbles bounced as Shane typed, still trying to decide.

Jane: I didn't even think to check.

Ilya chewed his lip. That wasn't like him. The bubbles bounced again.

Jane: I miss you.

His chest felt tight. The feeling was definitely mutual.

Ilya: Come here.

Jane: You know I can't do that. I have a game at 2, and I'm meeting my agent for brunch before that. There's no way I could catch a flight to you now.

Ilya: No, not what I mean. You sound tired, stressed. Look pretty though. Come out to the parking lot. Is surprise for you.

Jane: Did you send me a gift?

Ilya: Sort of.

Jane: Can they wait? It's going to take me about an hour to get out of here.

Ilya: Is fine. They will wait.

Jane: 

Ilya watched the text thread until his screen dimmed and sighed, fumbling at the side of his seat until he figured out how to recline. Stupid Jeep.

Ilya considered what happened next. Shane would come out, Ilya would signal him, then...

Ilya sighed. He knew what he wanted to happen, but he also knew Shane was probably riding the edge of overwhelm, and it was equally as possible that this might be too much for him as it was that Shane would be overjoyed at the spontaneous reunion. Maybe. Maybe he should give him a heads up? A better hint? Admit he'd decided to hop on a flight and stalk him to another state? Fuck. Stupid, Rozanov. Very stupid.

Jane: Still up?

Ilya: of course.

Jane: They're sending a car over for me. Will you let the delivery person know?

Ilya: You don't need the car.

Jane: Uh, yeah I do.

Ilya: No, that is surprise.

Ilya watched Shane push through the front door and frown down at his phone.

Ilya: Look up.

Shane followed the direction beautifully, lips still pulled down on a frown. He scanned the parking lot slowly. Ilya flicked the parking lights, watching Shane's head swivel toward him.

Ilya: Car is for you.

Jane: How?

Ilya: Come to the car.

Jane: Is this revenge for the first time I invited you over?

Ilya barked a surprised laugh, recalling "you will murder me?" in a Montreal alleyway.

Ilya: You wanted me to watch, I watch. Now, I sent you reward for being so charming, and eloquent, and pretty. Get in the car, Jane.

Ilya watched Shane read the text, scoffing at the words.

Jane: Asshole

Ilya: Da

Ilya watched Shane tug the door open, still looking down at his phone.

"Hi, I'm staying at the-" Shane's voice stuttered to a stop, blinking twice in the dim interior light (Ilya figured out how to do that while he waited for Shane. They hadn't been sneaking around for all these years without learning a thing or two).

"Hello, Hollander"

Shane blinked, blinked again, and hauled in a deep breath.

"You're here."

"Of course. Is where you are."

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